


GLEANER

1978





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In Memory
of
DR. JAMES WORK



Editors' Note . . .

In last years *Editors' Note* I tried to encourage all the wallflower artists and poets, those that keep their work to themselves, to come out of hiding and submit their work to the *Gleaner*. Last year we also used photographs and detailed drawings to improve the appearance of the magazine. I think these factors stirred a new interest among the student body.

I consider the present edition a success just by basing it on the growing support we had this year. A staff of two has grown to eight. We received over twice as many contributions as last year. The size was enlarged from 5" x 8" to 10" x 8". And we expanded from thirty-two to forty-eight pages. That's not even considering the content of the *Gleaner*.

I am very pleased with the increased interest in the *Gleaner* on this campus. However, it is still only a small portion of all the people who write, draw, and take photographs. We have talked about publishing Fall and Spring editions next year. To do this we need even more support than we had this year. The success of the *Gleaner* depends on you, the students. We need your continued support, interest, and creativity.

GLEANER

Established 1901

DELAWARE VALLEY COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE
DOYLESTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA 18901

SPRING 1978



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How to Eat A Poem

Don't be polite,
Bite in.
Pick it up with your fingers and lick the juice
that may run down your chin—
It is ready and ripe now, whenever you are.
You do not need a knife or fork or spoon
or plate or napkin or tablecloth.
For there is no core
or stem
or rind
or pit
or seed
or skin
to throw away.

Eve Merriam

Childhood

Days of Laughter,
Days of Joy,
Days of little girls and boys
Playing the game 'I declare war'
Mom yelling, 'Don't slam the door.'
Pretending bikes were motor cars,
Putting a villain behind bars.
Hide and go seek, now you're it
Winter snow, how the cold bit!
Swimming pools with water only two inches deep,
Lying in bed, hear monsters creep
Eating lunch at Grandma's house
Cat brings home her very first mouse
Dreams and wonders you don't understand
Going to mom for the cut on your hand
First crushes and first hurt
Playing baseball, slide in the dirt!
Thunder and lightning, hold someone tight
Mom breaking up another fight
Childhood days have now all passed
They are memories, forever to last.

Marian Verrastro



In your search for survival,
Are we losing our position together
As companions, conspirators, coordinators
Of the special bond we knit
By being of the fragile strands we are?
Why must you pull now?
Your weaving, taking from me
The very special fibers that made us our unity.
The unravelling, the tangling,
Will its continuation destroy our masterpiece?

Karen Frey

Thoughts without words are easily lost in the search.

Karen Frey

Dark clouds enshroud me,
for I am a thunderstorm.
Thunder; the confusion and turmoil in my mind
Lightning; the harsh which strike people down
Rain; the tears of sorrow I shed for
what little remains.

Diane DeVore

As weathered winds in storms do blow
so is the illusion of truth that may paint so well.
Seemingly relentless at first,
undying and forceful
Only to suddenly cease beating
And return to the calm, honest things
that were before.

Tom Richardson

Fox-hunting: Meditation

The triptych hung on the wall of the inn,
A painting of people on horses, dogs frisking about,
With a comfortable, country house in the background.

Then a horse and rider jumping fence, others coming;
And then the hunters resting their mounts by a forest,
Chatting with one another, the day nearly over.

Men, women, horses, dogs, and fields;
The pursuit of an elusive little creature—
Surely these are unassuming elements.

* * *

Why do these scenes summon the heart,
Why do red-coated men or black-clad women
On stately horses chasing the fox entice the eye?

Are they not vacant Tory gentlemen and leathery ladies,
These pecunious people in their breeches and boots;
If one could meet them, would they not be dull?

Dr. Johnson, riding once to hounds, found them so.
And doubtless their Church and Party would not be yours
Nor even their notions of sport or land use.

What is, then, the charm of the chase?
Is it the smell of money, the lure of leisure,
Or the snobbery of bon ton, of "quality"?

For some the brazen love of hunting itself—
The pursuit of wild animal in noisy company;
The shouting of men, the yelping of hounds.

For others the call of history, of nostalgia:
For doing of a thing that was done when Trajan ruled,
In a setting that was the same when Beckett preached.

For those who will never follow the flash
Of fox, perhaps delight in elegant forms,
Of woman on horse, traversing emerald realms;

Or the link with bold, exotic literature;
The intricate tapestry woven by the Pearl-poet,
His stirring chases of the deer, the boar, the fox;

Or only the approval of a well-made painting,
Of a cracked and dusty and faded triptych
Hanging on the wall of an amiable inn.

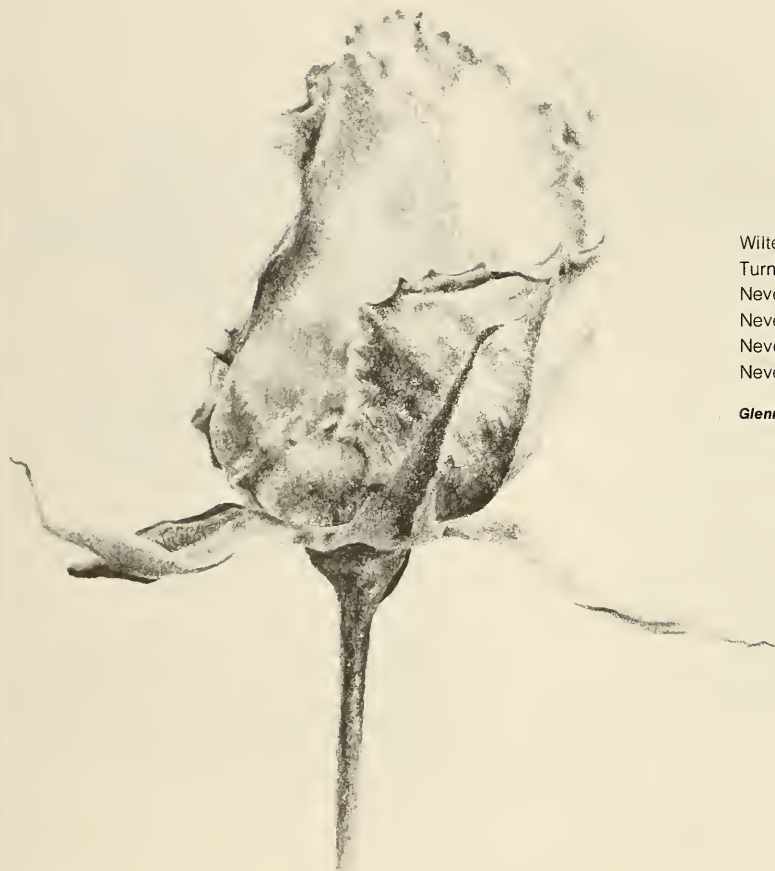
* * *

I am still uneasy, after saying all this.
The sybaritic tinge of that equine face is
What induces a reluctant kiss.

Some afternoon the final call of the horn
May sound for the Belvoir, the Pytchley, and the Quorn;
Three famous packs whose passing few will mourn.

We may regret the loss of what fox-hunting brings,
Of what comes to us early, and clings:
Pure sport is part of the poetry of things.

Edward O'Brien, Jr.



Wilted flower,
Turning brown,
Never been praised,
Never been appreciated,
Never been picked,
Never been a rose.

Glenn Sharko

Losin' Blues

Wasting away with the end drawing near
Wasting the day with my head fixing fear
Seeing through Sunday when God is so clear
Lasting till someday when death bells I hear

Waiting for word on return of my love
Waiting for word from the Lord up above
Finding my new dawn is gone with the sun
Flying away with the wind on the run

Wishing my life had just quit then and there
So to the winner it's only too fair
Me I'm a loser there's only despair
Why do I reach for a handful of air

Still I keep climbing never reaching the top
Just one more step till I slip and I drop
Down to the bottom where grief does not stop
God help this poor man who's tied in a knot . . .

G. S.

Smell of disinfectant
brings back a wave
of days better forgotten . . .

Sneakin out of class for a smoke
Scratching for solace
from the alone-ness I felt
in those sterile high school halls
I sunk to such depths
back then,
Suffered such icy isolation
Walls of fear surrounded,
So thick
All covered
with a thin veil of fantasy
Sittin in the bathroom
Aching for a ride—
Every sense, every thought,
every space in my whole
being
was filled with such an ache
for a high
Searching for a heaven—

. . . Never knowing it lay inside.

M.B.

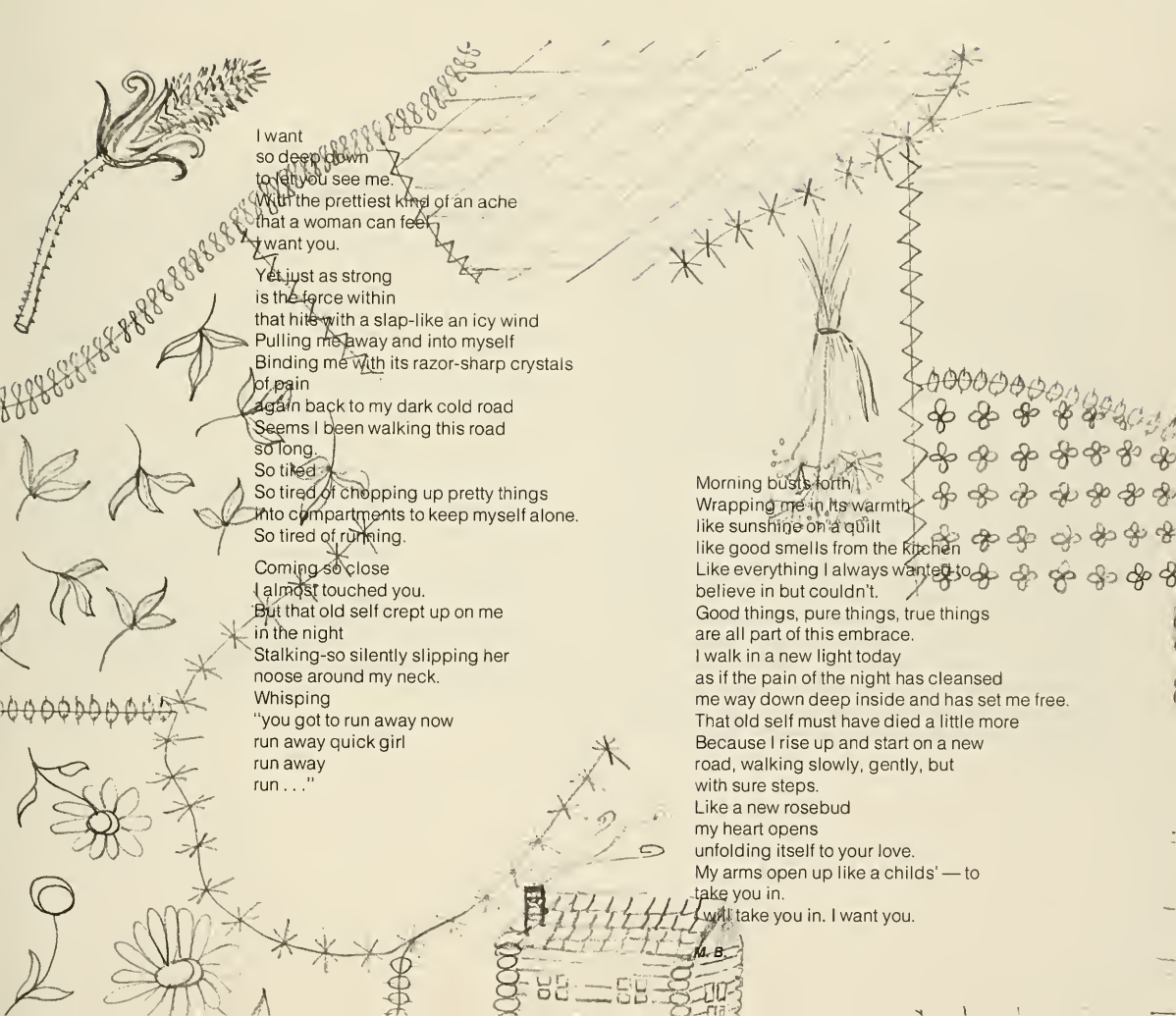
Mother,
Holding hands over little boy's eyes,
Don't let him see the
Bad and the ugly and
The filth and the hate,
But how can he be prevented
From seeing where he lives.
Mother,
Holding hands over little boys ears,
Don't let him hear
The words of criticism or
The words of hate or love,
But how can he be protected
From truth.
Mother,
Holding on to little boy,
Keeping him from reality,
Keeping him from life.

Glenn Sharco

The Voyages End

My voyage almost now complete
It seems to me a good time to rest
these weary feet.
The ship has set sail for that golden
line far out on the ocean,
And the thought of you is keeping
my mind in constant motion.
The sails are feeding on the gusts of wind,
And soon there will be no more letters
for us to send.
I am sailing for that rocky shore where
you have always waited for me,
And only God knows how I long for
that harbor to be my final destiny.
The sea has always been a good friend
of mine throughout the past,
But now I'm afraid she is about to see me
for the last.
However, the parting shall be sweet
and for the good;
For just like you, my heart she has
always understood.

Mel Rawls



I want
so deep down
to let you see me.
With the prettiest kind of an ache
that a woman can feel
I want you.

Yet just as strong
is the force within
that hits with a slap-like an icy wind
Pulling me away and into myself
Binding me with its razor-sharp crystals
of pain

again back to my dark cold road
Seems I been walking this road
so long.
So tired
So tired of chopping up pretty things
into compartments to keep myself alone.
So tired of running.

Coming so close
I almost touched you.
But that old self crept up on me
in the night
Stalking—so silently slipping her
noose around my neck.

Whispering
“you got to run away now
run away quick girl
run away
run . . .”

Morning busts forth,
Wrapping me in its warmth
like sunshine on a quilt
like good smells from the kitchen
Like everything I always wanted to
believe in but couldn't.
Good things, pure things, true things
are all part of this embrace.
I walk in a new light today
as if the pain of the night has cleansed
me way down deep inside and has set me free.
That old self must have died a little more
Because I rise up and start on a new
road, walking slowly, gently, but
with sure steps.
Like a new rosebud
my heart opens
unfolding itself to your love.
My arms open up like a child's — to
take you in.
I will take you in. I want you.

Combinations

A boyish man, unsatisfied with the standard, stereotype actions and reactions between people, looked at his own actions and realized these actions were not really his own. They were so predictable and so close to the stereotype actions that he became so disgusted with what he was that he left himself. He walked out leaving the cement walk, the hard wood floors behind. As he walked down the steel streets, people with masks carved from oak scorned him demanding him to return to the red brick house with the cement walls having bland life-less pictures on them, back to the hard wood which never cushioned the foot but flattened the hard callous developing on them.

He looked back, thinking that maybe that pointless security was right because of all the persecution, but as he looked back he was startled by the sight of a real face. The solid square lines of the oak mask were not there. The solid texture of a mask with the look of compassion showing on the round, changing lines. The eye slits of the mask could not hide the eyes screaming of the love and pity they had for him. As this was going on, the people with stereotypic phrases chastised him but in vain because all he heard were the lips begging him to be happy, seek himself. With that his mask dropped, the people outside of the red brick house disgustedly stomped inside slamming their doors behind them.

The slate sidewalk ended right outside the city limits, and soft, plush grass came up to meet his now unsheathed feet.

As he came to another city he put his shoes back on so that his feet could withstand the punishment of the sidewalk. As he stepped on the first slab the heel of his shoe sank into it. He figured maybe the sidewalk was wet but his foot bounced out. He bent down, touched it and it turned out to be foam rubber. Barefoot again he bounced down the street feeling the softness. The first person he came to he greeted in the usual manner, that being a quick look in the eyes then to the ground. This person was not riled by this and greeted him in their usual way, an embrace and a kiss on the nape of his neck. He was taken back at his action and demanded an explanation for this person's action. The explanation was that it feels good. The next person he met did the same thing, and as more people performed the action he was more indoctrinated to believe this was a common practice. He began greeting people in the same manner and began to make acquaintances during his stay. He made friends with a certain girl and she treated him in a way which seemed to him to be affectionate. Upon seeing more and more of her until the ultimate intimacy was performed; he knew her and knew how she made every nerve send sensations throughout him. In essence she was a perfect physical lover. She touched him when and where it gave him most physical satisfaction.

While making passionate love he told her he loved her and she was puzzled at the word so the entire process came to a grinding halt. He tried to explain the elusiveness of love, but she neither wanted to feel the emotion nor try to understand it or its implications.

He loved her but could not accept the fact that she could not love. The sensations produced began to be as predictable as the actions that were done where he came from. He pressed to teach her of love but she went away forgetting him. The touching was only to satisfy so that she would be satisfied in return. The absence of feeling hurt him so much that he had to leave that town. He put on his shoes so that he would feel the softness of the foam rubber sidewalk.

As he walked down the road another town came into view. Its buildings were in geometrical designs and the shrubs were pruned in that manner also.

His first encounter with an inhabitant was interesting because he greeted that person the way he greeted people in the previous town.

He was looked at as being abnormal with an incapability to adjust to an intellectual community. The greeting that he must now conform to was a "Wall Street" type handshake along with stating the latest, up-to-date weather forecast.

He started to board in one home in this community. The people living there were participating in discussions of politics, scientific theories, and chess moves that in theory would terminate a game within ten moves. Two people were playing chess but without a board or pieces.

A girl living upstairs from his challenged him to a game of chess which he accepted with the condition that they be able to use a board.

They played every day during his stay and began to become quite close. One day he reached over the chess board and touched her gently on the cheek. She instantly went into a fifteen minute, carefully prepared speech pertaining to the instinctive sexual behavior of the males in the species, void of emotion and the knowledge of the feelings that physical contact can convey. He tried to explain to her the feeling produced inside while the acts of touching occurred. She became enraged and demanded he leave the town quietly or else she would have to turn him to the authorities because physical touching was illegal only because the physical and emotional subtracted from the intellectual.

As she demanded, he obeyed and left as he came, quietly walking out of that intellectually hungup community.

Upon coming to the next town, he saw that it was a combination of his home town and the first town that he had visited.

Meeting the first person he awaited the greeting, knowing that it would be different from all those he had previously known. The person handed him an apple, seeing he was hungry from his journey. This person, a woman, took him home, fed him, and put him up for the night. He asked why she had done this and she replied, "In this place, what one has is everyone's." His heart was warmed by her response; he thanked her with a combination of praise and a kiss on the cheek. She understood neither. She told him that it was her duty to share and to feed those who needed to be fed and to help whoever needed to be helped.

He felt estranged from that place because he felt he had nothing to give and in no way could he help anyone. He told her that he must leave, that this place was no place he should choose to inhabit. He left the same day with a coat, a bag of apples, and a sandwich which she gave him. Along the way there was a man clothed in just a pair of jeans and sneakers and curled up to stay warm because dusk was approaching.

The coat which was a gift was given away once more and the man was prepared for the evening. With the coat the man received some apples to nourish him until his next meal. Our traveler became content and the joy of helping increased as he gave apple after apple away as he walked. There was a man tending the gate at the edge of the city who received the gift of his last apple. Upon walking down the road the next morning, eating the sandwich that was prepared for him, he came upon a town that was very familiar.

It was his home town and he was almost going to turn around but he had to return. It was an inevitability. He returned walking past his mask still lying on the sidewalk.

He saw the maskless body approaching him and she inquired about his journey. They sat together next to a trickling stream and he told her of his travels. While dealing with the subject, he found himself with his head in her lap sharing the experience while dealing with these abstracts intellectually.

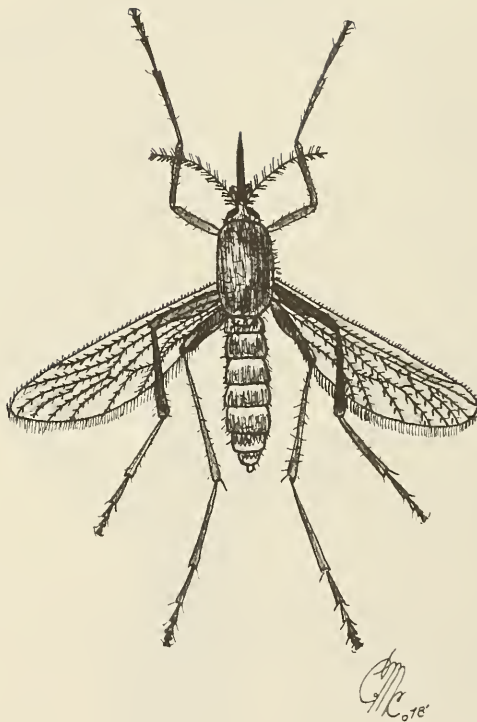
That is the time when he found himself. He had not found himself on any of his other trips; he did not find himself staying where he was either, but he did find himself combining what he had learned in all of his experiences and applying it to a deep and meaningful relationship with the one he now loves.

Russell Doughty

Revenge

I killed a mosquito today, but
I'm still
s-c-r-a-t-c-h-i-n-g
where
shebitme!

Dr. Richard Ziemer



Appreciation

Cows and corn and spreaders of manure
Hay and beans and milk I'm sure
Sun and soil and rain to cure
This is what I am living for!

Sue Crane

To Jean

All the change and confusion
 promises and false illusions,
Walking forward and always trying
The joys with laughing,
 sorrow with crying
And this they say is growing up.

Rushing, pushing, always on the go
What's right for me I do not know
Fearing and wondering,
 "Do I belong here?"

All is hazy, confused, nothing is clear
And this they say is growing up.

And if you find someone who's always there
Listening to thoughts you want to share
A companion, a buddy, a someone you could depend on
Suddenly they're gone,—
 facing the loss of a friend
And this they say is growing up.

Terri Domagala

A thought of Dying

Standing here, a cemetery plot,
Wondering, thinking, questioning.
A thought of how they lived the life,
Which they lived and died, most likely alone.

A feeling of not belonging
It seems I have no say,
A stranger asking deep inside
Is it really better that way?

Life passes so quickly,
Death happens as fast,
It is a chance to get away.
You think — finally — rest (death) at last.

A cemetery is a resting place,
Tomb stones toppled (no one cares).
Growing weeds out of place,
This makes it embarrassing to the race (people).

People pretend they care so much,
Not really — the cemetery is uncared for,
They seem to care too much
About living a full life
Yet missing life's real meaning.

Annette Capp

Walking in the morning,
He looks through sleepy eyes
Into the bathroom mirror,
Sees nothing.

Goes down town,
Trips and falls,
Woman stumbles over him,
Curses him out.

Stopping at the house of God,
He stands in front of the
Worshippers and denounces God,
They pray on.

Wanting to dance,
He looks for a girl,
Suddenly entwined
With their partners.

Sitting with the lonely
Old man in the park,
Talking unnoticeably to a body
With its hearing aid turned off.

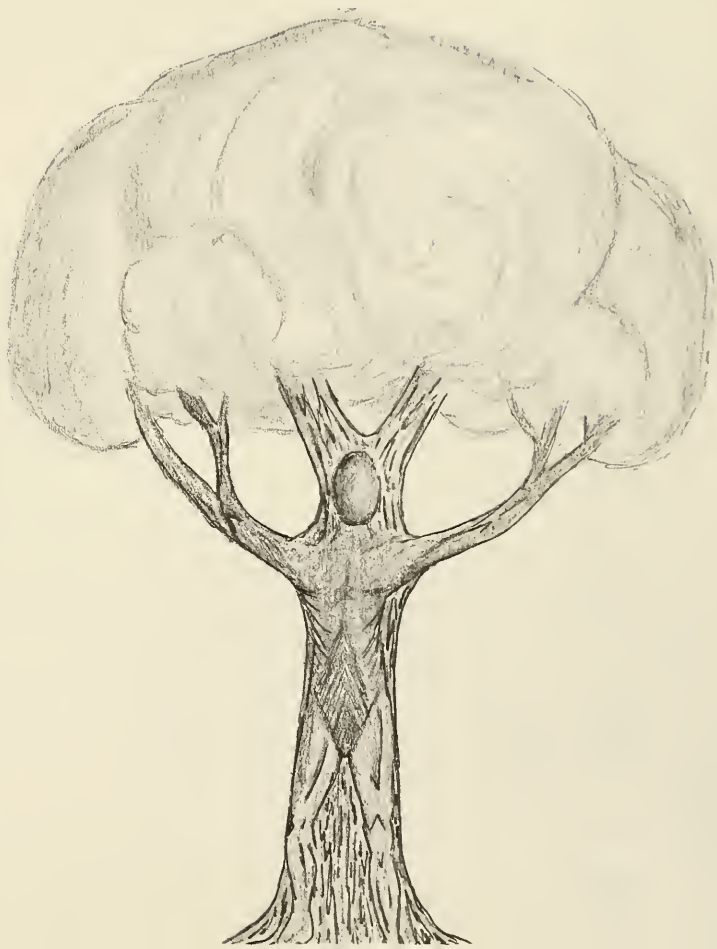
Picking flowers in the meadow,
He lies in the forest,
Feeling warm,
Flowers still in hand.

Time passes,
Flowers die,
Grass grows,
Flesh erodes.

Metamorphosed,
Born anew,
Ribs turn into roots,
Blood to sap.

Lovers stop at tree to
Carve initials into bark,
Sap flows forth
Like tears long overdue.

Glenn Shariko



The Final

It's Sat AM in Allman Hall
and Aggies sit for their exam final
In History and Parasitology;
But it could just as easily be
Poly Sci or Sociology.

Watch these Aggies as they write,
Concentrating with all their might,
Trying to capture words on a page
'Ere they're a moment's thought of age.

Of all these students I help proctor
A few know me as "Doctor".
O'er forty students here I know
On whom this college will bestow

A degree for courses
Which they've had on hogs or horses
Cows or bees, bio or cheese
Bus Ad, agronomy, chem or trees.

A few seem so well relaxed
You'd think they never had the axe
Fall on their pates
From birth to date.

Still others struggle to get their best
In that exam book for the test
Which holds them in such wrapt attention
That they writhe, oblivious to all distraction.

Tho' they write no Congressional Record,
Their pens and pencils push with one accord.

Guess I envied their composin',
And to keep myself from dozin',
Grabbed my pen to write
And share a modicum of their plight.

Dr. Richard C. Ziemer

It's a boy! It's a boy! It's a boy!
Come crawl to me, come crawl to me.
You can, if you will,

You will I know, you are like me.
Come walk with me, little fella, be like me.
You are not you;

but you will be me.
Come run with me little boy, you run like me.
Let me see little man,
do I see me?

you are you or are you? Or are you me?
Or just an endless entity;
man.

Matthew McDonnell

Sad

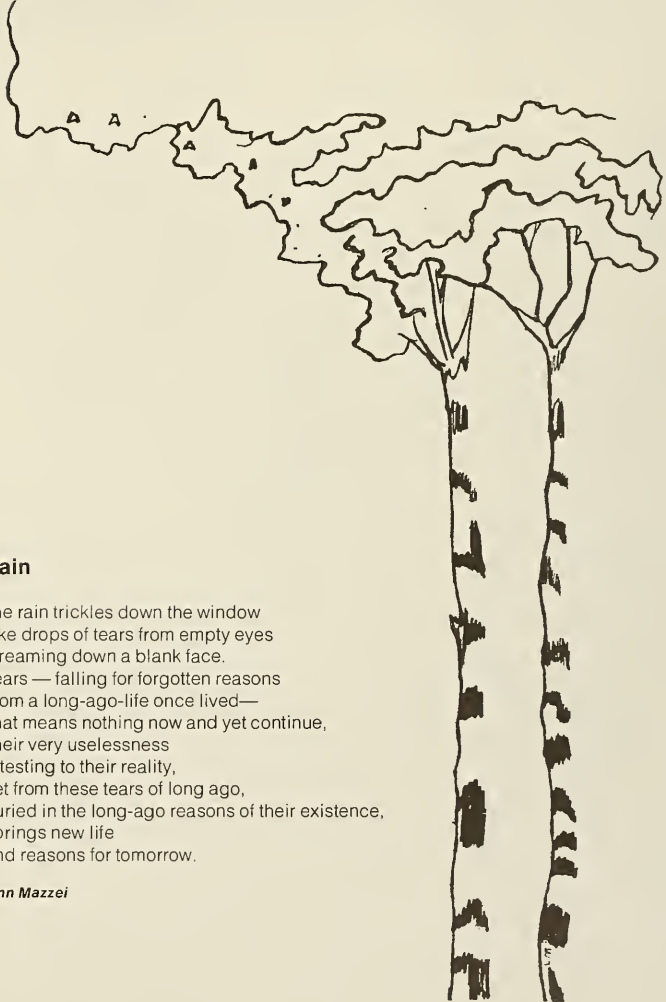
I wish someone could
understand
how I feel inside.
It's kinda like the feeling you get
when you fail,
and you really tried.
It's kinda like when you lose a love,
and you feel
Lost,
and
out
of
place.
It's almost like when you want to die,
you cry,
and hide your face.
I can't compare this feeling.
'cause it's one I've never had.
The best way to describe it is,
it just makes me feel so
sad

Marian Verrastro

Rain

The rain trickles down the window
Like drops of tears from empty eyes
Streaming down a blank face.
Tears — falling for forgotten reasons
From a long-ago-life once lived—
That means nothing now and yet continue,
Their very uselessness
Attesting to their reality,
Yet from these tears of long ago,
Buried in the long-ago reasons of their existence,
Springs new life
And reasons for tomorrow.

Lynn Mazzei



Thought

Can't escape the tragic feeling
Like I lost on Sunday's kneeling
Can't expect my mind to wonder
On through the mists of plight and blunder

Wishful thinking brings only unrest
For today's thinking is always the best
Think not of tomorrow or days gone by
Thinking is for the wondering why.

Live at ease with life's little lessons
Take in mind all man's endless sessions
Pass through time without bothering the thoughtless
Don't trouble your head because you have thought best

Think for once of the inevitable stakes
On how it is probable to force your mistakes
But learn from your troubles, it's life's wisest book
You'll find yourself thinking if only to look . . .

G. S.

Looking for our love,
I knocked on your door and
Asked you if you
Had it and
You smiled so I kissed
You and I realized that
I didn't have our love,
So I asked you
Where you hid it.

Glenn Sharko

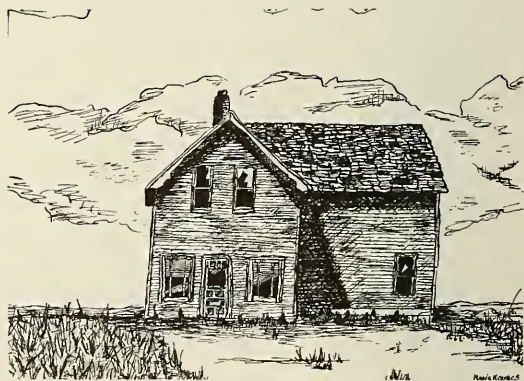
Immaturity

You turn on
I turn off
You turn off
I turn on
You play games
I play along
You stopped playing
I didn't know
I'm playing games
You play no more
I am baffled
I am alone.

Annette Capp

ART SECTION





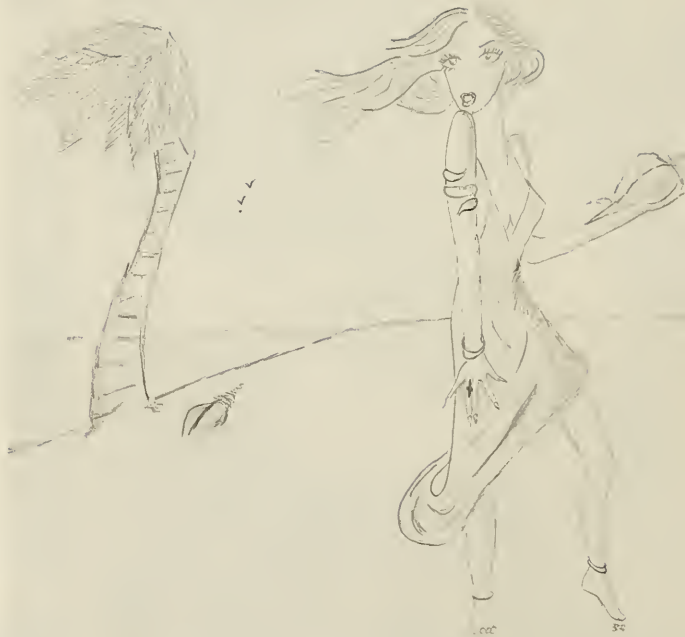




M. KOVA









There are times when I can tell where my feet must go
Through my mind I must agree my movements must be slow
See what's unkind . . . what is free . . . what will grow
Look and adore

Then again I must dive in and fight out my life
Remember when? I must begin . . . It cuts me like a knife
It was then an origin from the dark night
To daylight's door

My hands are bound my legs are tied with a chain or line
The harshest sounds my ears have tried to exclude from my mind
My ears have found it's inside a conscious sign
I won't be forlorn

Life's a play I won't delay in playing out my part
It's not to say that this maylay is someone else's art.
It's now my day . . . it's my display . . . I've time to start
to write the score

Russ Doughty

I know nothing more times opened by mistake than the mouth.

Tom Richardson

Clown,
Big painted smile
Covered frown,
Funny glasses
Cover tear filled eyes,
People laugh.
Clown,
Sat quietly,
Dreaming of happy home,
Children,
Wife.
Clown,
Make us smile,
Do a trick,
Tell a joke,
Make a happy face.
Clown,
Hiding tears,
Dreams of dreams
Things he's not.
Clown,
Lying still,
Smiling,
Finally in the
World of his dreams.

Glenn Sharko

White Lace

Sifting back through lost space
I come across a piece of aged white lace.
Where it came from I do not know,
Yet I see in my dream it swirls against
the falling snow.

Who it belongs to I cannot say —
It must be left over from some previous day.
The breast it laid upon is a fantasy of the past,
And the hands which used to know they're feeling well,
have grown old and cease to last.

The softness of the lace is no longer true:
Even the color has lost its hue.
The solitary fringes are frail and weak,
Sigh nothing but memories of yesteryear
for them to seek.

To think! that this fragment of lace
can possess all of my desire!
What selfish ignorance upon my part.
What to do? Where to turn? My head is full of fire.
Why did I not see that lace hates heart?

Mel Rawls





Tic tic tatter
fork on a platter
bring me my meal will you please?
It does not matter
that I grow fatter
oh, how I love apples and cheese.

Glug glug glupper
a beer with my supper
bring me my drink will you please?
fill up my cupper
and I will drunk upper
oh, how I love coffees and teas.

Sue Crane

The Rising Tide

My life is like the rising tide
The setting sun keeps me alive
Don't really care when I will die
I am to live, or at least try

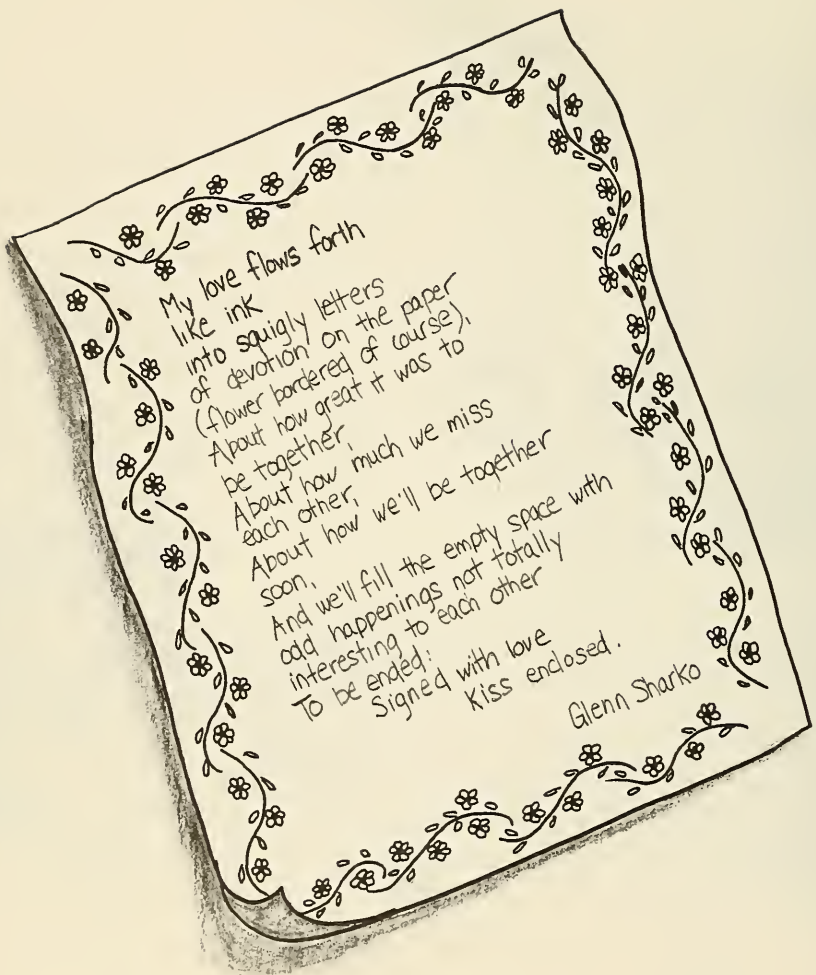
I've been on life and lost a few
Always something better to do
Many days have seen me be blue
It's been from those days that I grew

If you look and see my crying
There is no need to start to frown
Can't you see the tide is rising
Won't be long I will come around

I must live like the sun and wind
Too many places I've not been
When I am down, the wind blows in
Tho setting sun, new days begin

And if you care to reach my mind
I'm sure that I could find the time
Just try to look out through my eyes
In them you'll see the rising tide

G. S.



My love flows forth

like ink
into squigly letters
of devotion on the paper
(flower bordered of course),
About how great it was to
be together,

About how much we miss
each other,
About how we'll be together
soon,

And we'll fill the empty space with
odd happenings not totally
interesting to each other
To be ended:

Signed with love
Kiss enclosed.

Glenn Shanko

A Glimpse of the Bright Shadow

If Tris hadn't been so careless in letting things lie around . . .

His full name was Tristan Howard Campion, and though he was legally an American citizen, he seemed more English than Yankee; and though Catholic, he seemed more Anglican than Roman. Lover of European monarchy and classical music, of heritage and heraldry, Tris Campion combined a mystical piety with a realistic political conservatism. Austere, yet kindly, he became a figure out of the past as he fluently spoke of British India, or Theology, or the contradictions of liberalism. He loved good conversation, so that you felt lifted up and brought into contact with living history; he flattered you that way. It was exciting, for no one else talked like him. He reminded you of Coleridge or Sam Johnson. He was articulate, learned, imaginative, witty and devout.

And yet this defender of Medieval traditions made at least one concession to modern technology (which he ordinarily condemned): he loved photography with a passion. Early on, Tris bought a fine 35 mm. camera and learned to use it with the accuracy, discretion and intensity that attended most of his actions. He lived in a comfortable home with his family on a quiet street in little Dyertown. On the ground floor he had fitted up a small room devoted to photography and to a large collection of books. This room was cozy; a snug little lamp would cast a warm glow on a desk littered with photos, books, some pipes and a tin of tobacco.

One summer afternoon, when Tris was upstairs in the bathroom and no one else was at home, his friend Ray Jones stood in Tris's study staring at some photographs that were lying on the desk. Ray was enough of a friend of the family to rap on the front door and walk right in. In those days, back in the fifties, no one in Dyertown bothered to lock his door in the daytime. The window was open and the curtains were blowing in lightly and Jones, always a very practical man, was carefully examining five glossy full-color prints, each eight by ten. It is impossible to describe the expression on Jones's face beyond saying it was odd. He abruptly picked up two of the pictures and paced about the room, then returned to the desk and looked at the other pictures once again.

"Say, Tris!" he called out, loudly and nervously.

"Be right down," came a voice upstairs from behind a door.

In another two minutes Tris Campion stood beside Ray Jones. He apologetically gathered up the five photographs and put them neatly into a large manilla envelope, which he put into a desk drawer.

"Those pictures, Tris. I couldn't help seeing them; where did you get them?"

Campion looked uncomfortable. "I . . . I wished you hadn't seen them, Ray; I didn't know you were coming."

Jones spoke in a shaky voice, "But . . . where did you get them . . . how . . . the colors . . . Those 'trees' I guess, the landscapes, that *building*, was it? My God, Tris, but you've got pictures of what must be *two new primary colors*. They're incredible!"

"Yes, so it seems," Campion replied lamely. "Plus all the usual colors. Rather unsettling."

"But what are the pictures *of*?"

"Isn't it obvious they could be of only one thing? Come on, I know you've read a lot of popular astronomy; the sober speculations of Arthur Clarke, the space scientist, for example. Use your head."

"Well, yes, I thought of that right away. Somehow you've gotten hold of actual photos of some alien world in a strange star system; a system where they have those primary colors, and those landscapes. But it's not only this, it's that everything looks different in ways you would never conceive if it were up to you. The pictures are . . . a little frightening, and wonderful; ah, not spooky at all but so different, beautiful. How did you get hold of them?"

Campion sat down behind his desk and fiddled with one of his pipes. "If I told you, you wouldn't believe me. At least you must realize I couldn't possibly fake those new colors."

Jones laughed. "No, certainly not. Have you been in contact with UFO people, with flying saucer aliens? Is all that stuff somehow true?"

Campion said with a smile, "It appears as if a lot of things were true that you never thought were true."

"Apparently." But Jones had something else on his mind. "Tris, these pictures are worth a fortune. Think what *Life* Magazine would pay for them. Have you tried to publish them?"

The other man frowned. "No, I really don't know if I should make them public or not."

Jones could not credit what he heard. "Why not? Oh, you mean these saucer people, have they told you not to?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that. It's my own problem."

"I don't see any problem, except where a guy like you would invest his money from it. You've got the chance of a lifetime. You could ask for a hundred thousand. What are you worried about?"

"There are . . . considerations. How could anyone reproduce these colors by earth technology? Those pictures weren't taken in the Solar System." Campion managed to get rid of the importunate Ray Jones by pleading fatigue. He said he wanted to lie down and think.

Jones left in a state of turbulence, determined to do something practical. He wanted another person to see Campion's pictures, and he figured he knew just the man. Jones was acquainted with Ed Murnane, a close friend of Campion, who had known him for twenty years.

"You've simply got to see these pictures," Jones was saying over the telephone to Murnane, standing and listening sceptically, as he held the receiver.

"Who'd ever think I'd talk like this, but Tris must've met some aliens from an interstellar spaceship — don't ask me how — that's the only source for the photos. I mean, Ed, they're really shocking, beyond all imagination, even the colors. But he doesn't know what to do with them. I want you to find out just how he got hold of them, and see if you can persuade him to publish them."

Murnane said little, not wanting to be made a fool of.

"Well, are you going to see Tris?", asked Jones.

"Why would any exotic outer-space people get in touch with my obscure friend Tris, who likes to go berry-picking and take pictures of humming-birds? Anyway, I don't believe that interstel-

lar ships have ever come to earth. If they had, they would have made open and obvious contact with significant earth people like heads of state, important scientists, and great religious leaders."

"That's what I used to think, Ed, but you'll believe me when you see his pictures."

"Okay, I admit you've made me curious. I'll call him."

Murnane telephoned his friend immediately. "Ray Jones called me and said you have some unusual photos; said I should see them. What's it all about?"

"I was going to get in touch with you soon, Ed," said Campion. "Come on over tonight, will you? I think you'd be interested."

By eight o'clock, Murnane was seated near the desk in Campion's study, a tall Tom Collins in his right hand. Campion sat behind his desk, with a manilla envelope lying before him. He lit his pipe, sending the smoke swirling about, and settled back. Despite the old friendship between the two, the atmosphere was slightly edgy and both knew it. Each man had a problem of credibility to solve, but each knew the other pretty well, and there was mutual trust. Murnane knew his friend to be unusually stable in every way, and therefore, he was excited at the possibilities; Campion realized he was taking a risk, but he knew he held trumps in the manilla envelope that lay between them.

As he threw down his match in the ashtray, Campion said quietly, "I want you to look at these pictures of mine, Ed. I want you to be the first, and possibly the last, to understand their true subject matter."

Murnane moved uneasily in his chair, and sipped his Tom Collins. "Their subject matter? Yes, I got a jolt when Ray Jones told me you had pictures taken in another star system, and that you must have been given them by 'extra-terrestrials', as they say. I don't know how to take this *outré* story, except to say that Jones told a good story over the phone. I suppose it's possible, but you monkey, you could probably fake any picture you want."

A small smile appeared, with more smoke, about Campion's mouth. "You exaggerate my skill. Well, I haven't faked them — no one could fake new primary colors. Or the scenery."

"Jones was impressed."

"Yes, I know what he thinks, the spaceship and all that."

Campion paused, and continued to smoke, then went on. "I must tell you that Jones is quite wrong. These are not pictures taken in any galaxy. I'm your oldest friend, Ed; I want you to believe me when I say that I took these pictures myself in the midst of a very strange experience. Maybe only you can believe me, for you have always known my deepest concerns, and you share them.

"You remember that last month I went to Ireland with Ruth, and when I was visiting some ruins of an ancient, remote abbey, it happened. No one else was around, Ruth had remained at the hotel; one moment I was simply walking alone near the old abbey, and the next moment I was in this very, very different kind of place. There seemed to be no travelling at all, no sense of motion. My left foot had come down on Irish grass, but my right foot came down . . . somewhere else. Ireland had vanished. I was, naturally, very excited. I had my camera and I proceeded to take these pictures." Campion tapped the manilla folder in front of him. "It didn't occur to me that it might be wrong to do so. I looked around for awhile, meeting no one, yet knowing by grace where I was: in a part of what I might call the 'outskirts' of the traditional Christian heaven we believe in. Hold on, Ed; there really isn't any point in my calling it by any other name; the old, simple, solid, reassuring word is quite good enough, believe me. Then, suddenly, I found myself outside the Irish abbey, standing still in the everyday green grass of the field. Though Ireland is very beautiful, a sense of loss swept through me. I had returned to earth, but it no longer felt like 'home'. For one thing, I became conscious of time, and time now felt strange, felt like a nagging, driving sort of thing, like a lingering pain in the back. I looked at my watch (I had not noticed it in the other place); it had stopped at three-twenty nine, though it is a good watch. Then another tourist came by and gave me the time: three-thirty. The additional minute had passed after my return. My experience had been timeless."

"In heaven!" said Murnane. "How much can a man believe in one day? First, extra-terrestrials and now a story that you've been to heaven."

Tris Campion smiled. "Wait a moment; I never asked you to believe in interstellar spaceships; I don't accept them myself. And I only saw the outskirts, the foothills, of . . . The Place."

Murnane finished his drink. "True. Tell me, Tris, how do you figure you only saw the 'outskirts' of heaven?"

"Because I met no one, and because of what I saw in the far distance. I seemed to have very sharp eyesight up there."

"How casually you say 'up there'! What did you see in the distance?" asked Murnane, his spine tingling.

His friend shook his head. "I'll try. What I saw seemed like a mountain, but any earth-mountain now seems timid. There is something in the Psalms about 'mountains and all hills' praising the Lord."

"Were you scared?"

"No. Not at all. I realize that you are probably wondering, why me? I don't know why, exactly. St. Paul was taken up to the celestial regions. Second Corinthians, chapter twelve. But why was I permitted to take the pictures? Am I to share them with the public; with anyone? I want you to advise me, Ed; I've prayed on the matter. First, however, I want you to look at the pictures — you, at least, should see them."

He brought out the photographs from the large envelope, holding them face down, and spread them in a row on the desk, face down. Five eight by ten rectangles of white paper. To Murnane, the room, the very air, had changed. He suddenly thought that he simply could not just pick up these pictures and look them over as if they were pictures of Tahiti or some Alaskan mountain range. He hesitated.

"Let me think for awhile, Tris. How about putting on some music." This was both a request and a command, in the manner of old friends. Campion put on some Handel, the 'Royal Fireworks' music, which both of them had always loved. Meanwhile, Mrs. Campion had come in and gone to the kitchen. They could hear her moving about. Ten minutes went by. Then Murnane turned off the music and said, "Tris, I came here intending to examine your pictures, but now I'm not so sure."

"Oh?" said Campion, refilling his pipe. "What's the matter?"

Murnane, troubled, glanced at the curtains moving in the soft summer breeze. "I feel . . . I should not look at them, though I'm curious. The pictures are either authentic — that is, taken where you said they were — or they are not. They may be authentic, but I'm not certain. If they're not authentic, I may look at them and think they are, in which case I've been deluded and have a false notion of heavenly things."

"Good point," Campion conceded, though disappointment clouded his face.

"Please don't take offense. On the other hand, if they *are* authentic, then maybe it would be wrong, or foolish, for *me* to look at them. It's proper for you, if you were taken there, but why me? If I'm supposed to 'see though a glass darkly,' not with the help of photographic brilliancy, then I should not presume to peek. Your revelation isn't mine. Do you agree?"

"That there are some things properly hidden from us? Yes, I suppose so. Then why was I taken there and why was I permitted to take the pictures?"

Murnane leaned forward. "For your own good — you may have needed some re-assurance — but not for the good of the public. Not so that all sorts of people might look at these pictures and laugh at them, laugh at what they'd call Christian trickery born of desperation. Imagine the vulgarity of magazine and television handling of your pictures; the captions, the sneering remarks from professional cynics sitting in the seats of the scoffers; imagine the letters and the phone calls. Nor can you publish them without mentioning their true source, for then you would be involved in a deception concerning your relationship with God. No, your experience should remain private. Perhaps it was simply a gracious gift to you alone."

Campion sighed, and slipped on another record of eighteenth century music. "I must agree with you; I had already come to the same conclusions you have; you're a confirmation. Too bad, I could've made some money, and also gotten some headaches. The thing that I must absolutely not do is play around with my experience. And Jones is no problem. No one will believe him, and he won't see the pictures again. Let him carry on all he wants to about my elitism, or 'the right of the public to know' or science and primary colors. I don't think it was merely a coincidence when I happened to read, a few days ago, a remarkable poem of Robert Frost's called "A Passing Glimpse." The final couplet runs:

*Heaven gives its glimpses only to those
Not in position to look too close.*

As I see it, Ed. (taking Frost's idea of the glimpses to apply only to this life, for we cannot apply it to the next), my being taken to heaven and getting these pictures is, after all, only a passing glimpse. A brief look at the outskirts, so to speak, and a few unforgettable photographs — how lovely they are, and how splendid is that place where even the shadows are bright! However, to publish them even with the best of motives (which I would

not have), would be to 'look too close', in a sense, by exploiting what God has given me. I know that my motive would be vanity, and "greed".

Murnane agreed fervently with a nod, then said, after a short silence, "That's good, Tris, that's very good. And I can apply Frost's lines to me, without stretching them (not that you did). For me, the passing glimpse is my knowing someone who has gone there and my believing him — a sort of shot in the arm. For me to look at the pictures, when I feel I shouldn't would be to look too close. You and I have had our glimpses, so we are 'not in position' to look further in this life."

"That's it, Ed."

"And I want you to know this: I now believe the pictures are authentic. I'm sorry I doubted you. I believe your story, I believe you. That is enough. If our common religious beliefs, if our long friendship and the trust it has built up, and your story, are not enough, then what in the name of God would be enough? My 'analysis' of the photographs? The application of my 'critical intellect' to the data? My 'scientific' judgment? How pathetic in matters of this kind. By the way, what will you do with the pictures?"

"Let me ask you first, how difficult is it for you to sit there and not look at them?" Murnane shrugged. "Hard to say. I hope it will get easier in time. You could say it's a question of where you get your help."

"Good; that's grace; has to be. Especially, when it's rammed down our throats by our culture that curiosity, originality, and information are almost absolute values. I will put the pictures away where no one will see them; no one will ever know about them from me."

"Nor from me. And when the time comes to 'graduate'?"

"I won't need them, then, and apparently I'm the only one who ever did need these pictures. So."

"I understand."

They shook hands, and Murnane left. Campion picked up the photographs, one by one, and looked carefully at each one before putting it in the envelope. His face was shining with joy. He looked at them only once again, just before he graduated, five years later.

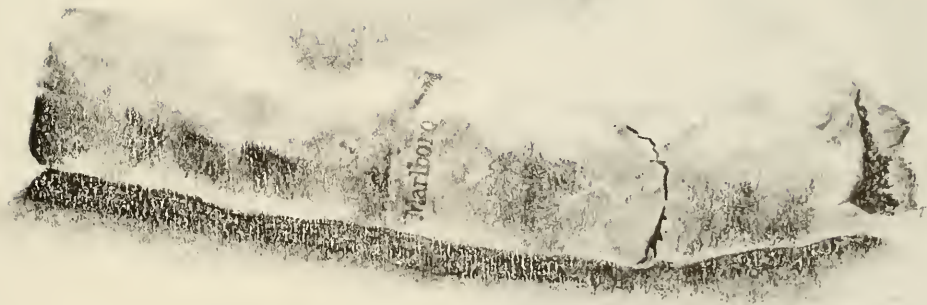
THE END

Edward O'Brien, Jr.

Cigarette Smoke

As I lie back
And watch the blue smoke
Curl up from my cigarette,
I contemplate
The unfelt currents
That can move my life about
In the same way
That they are able
To twist cigarette smoke.

Lynn Mazzei





The path is clear . . .

Travel deeply into the crack

Between the land which is and that
which seems to be . . .

In slow progressions, carry yourself to
the opening . . . slowly, ever so gently

Look deeper and deeper . . .

close your eyes, look with your
mind's eye — see the continuation of
the crack.

Never lose sight of the ever widening array of colors, light and peace

Beyond . . .

That what is and that which appears

to be has been joined with that

which is to come.

Bill Hornby

Please understand that,
If we meet on our journey
through life,
and things don't work out,
Let us leave each other
in the same way we came,
with smiles and laughter,
not harsh words and tears.
Because final moments are
what we seem to remember
most.

Marian Verrastro

On ocean beaches
A woman teaches,
her mind it reaches
into my own.
The words they bounce
within my mind
before I realize
I'm on the wrong shore.

Tom Richardson

Do you remember the night we met?
That's one night I'll never forget
Remember Cathy's party that Saturday night?
We necked until her brother turned on the light
Remember the kiss in the hall when you call me a tease?
I stopped talking to you until you begged please
Remember the night it snowed and I spent the night at your house?
When I feel asleep you left as quiet as a mouse
Don't forget the nosey old ladies in the halls
You took me to the City to see a play
If I was to relive something it would be that day
Remember the Monday we went to Rye Playland
After the rollercoaster no one could stand
The next Tuesday night you said, "Don't say Goodbye!"
I left your house with a tear in my eye
Tomorrow I'll be gone, I'm moving away
With all my wishes and tears I still couldn't stay
We wrote back and forth of dreams that could be
We had such a love, Why couldn't they see?
August I called to say "... see you next week."
We hugged and kissed — there was no time to speak
Now all that's left are the letters, memories and dreams
You say you still love me but that's not how it seems
But you promise to always be true
I wish you'd realize I'll always love you
Now that it's over; now that it's over
Take care, God bless and remember—
I love you.

Terri Domagala

You are warmth to a journey man,
a dreamer's hearth.
Your flame reaching out
and touching what you will encounter.

Touch me softly, gently, if you please
Reach down inside me and take some away.
Take it in and let it grow, inside of you,
Keep it there it cannot die,
That part of me you'd chance to spy.

Keep it with you if you will,
I am a journey man and a dreamer still.

Matthew McDonnell

Daybreak
is in your eyes—
the intense blue of an October early morning sky,
placid
am I
when I look into your eyes . . .

Sue Crane

Something
Sometimes
Said

Nobody
Admits
Meaning

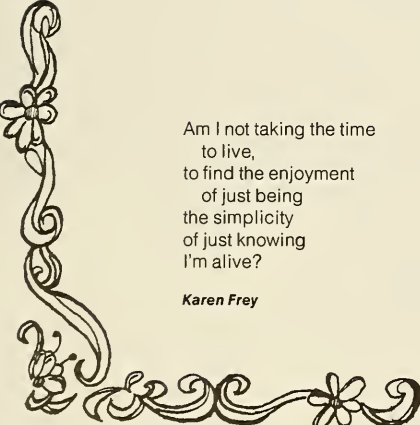
But
Often
Understood

Though
Too
Often
Said
In
Vain;

Do
You
Understand?

I love you

Matthew McDonnell



Am I not taking the time
to live,
to find the enjoyment
of just being
the simplicity
of just knowing
I'm alive?

Karen Frey

Love Is Only Meant for Me & You

Running for my life down those endless
 barren roads
It always seemed to me love was just an
 unbreakable secret code,
But ever since I met you girl the words
 are suddenly clear.
And loneliness is an affair that I have
 ceased to fear.
Even my dark and cloudy destiny has
 become a scenic view,
And I'm telling you girl — love is only
 meant for me and you.

Where you came from girl I will never know,
But your hair and eyes I remember against
 the falling snow.
Why you have decided to stay is a mystery to me,
And are you really sure I never loved you
 during a forgotten century?
After seeing that magnificent bird which
 upon you always flew,
It surely reminds me girl — love is only meant
 for me and you.

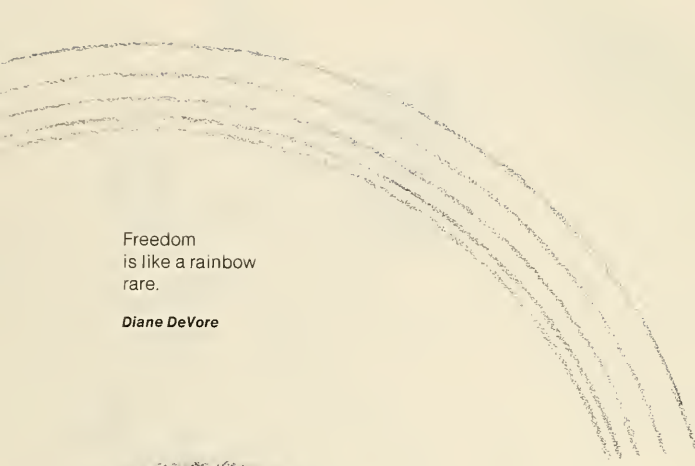
Longing for your tender touch is what
 keeps me alive,
And just to feel your warm breath upon my neck
 is the only thing for which I strive.
Your gentle hands keep me from going insane
And just to live with you forever is all
 I wish to gain.
My love for you is lasting, keen, and true,
And I swear to God girl — love is only meant
 for me and you.

Your kind words are eager, full of bliss,
And that is what I pledge to you—
 continuing happiness.
You took me into your arms when I was
 cold and lame,
And now I'm grateful you are the one to blame.
I hope you don't mind these words I sing,
 for they are all deep and true:
Now I see you realize girl — love is only meant
 for me and you.

Those subtle footsteps of yours I shall
 follow till my dying day,
When it is just no longer possible for me
 to stay.
However, this undying love will continue
 to live on,
And flourish through the early morning hours,
 right before the dawn.
If you ever wish to see me, remember
 the church pew,
And listen while I whisper girl — love is only meant
 for me and you.

Sue Crane





Freedom
is like a rainbow
rare.

Diane DeVore

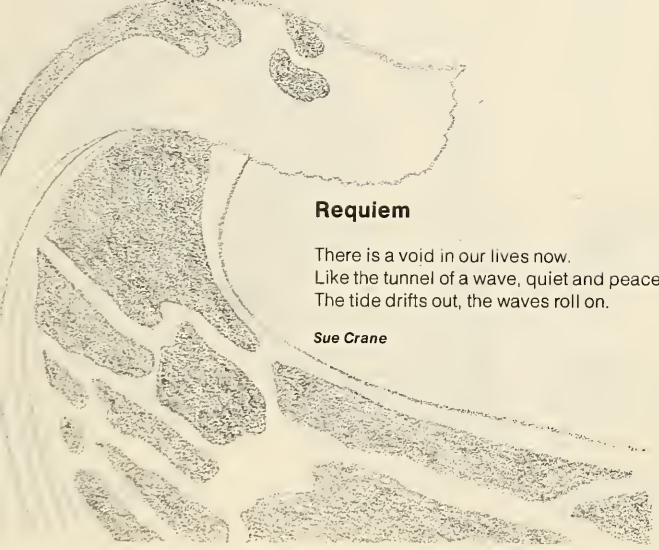
Feeling Like

Feeling like words on such a gray day
Feeling like forests in winter's melee
Laughing at legends of sailing away
Speaking in silence with something to say

Finding that something is nothing but dust
Doing my daydreams when I know I must
Wind and weather turn me into rust
Looking for reasons I know I can trust

Yesterday's laughing, I'm crying instead
Bringing the blues I can't break ahead
Fighting the feeling I've grown only to dread
Swallowing words that should have been said . . .

G. S.



Requiem

There is a void in our lives now.
Like the tunnel of a wave, quiet and peaceful.
The tide drifts out, the waves roll on.

Sue Crane

Alienated from the world,
A person under cover,
Dodging in and out of his friends
As they try to avoid him,
They bask in the sun as
He lurks in their shadows,
Trying to get out from under their feet,
But he still gets stepped on,
So he tries to thrive on isolation,
Keeping himself idly active,
Blowing in and out of the presence of many,
Never feeling welcome enough to stop and chat,
Trying to hide his feelings,
Running under cover.

Glenn Sharke

P. Corps

Giant
 you carry the world on your shoulders
 (with Brandy glasses
 we laughed that night.)

(Lover
 you never cried, I was leaving
 for a civilized jungle)
But t'is I who will change it.

Nancy Bailer

Minstrel

(To Kathy)

Sing us a song,
O, Minstrel!
May in your song
Your words take flight
Like a flaming phalanx of swans,
Illuminating a sere land
With beauty.
Paint for us with your words
Silver ships with lamps of gold
On seas of emerald and sapphire
In search of the riches:

Truth

Beauty

Chivalry.

May your words scorch
As dragon's flames
When speaking of
Injustice and falsehood,
And sooth like
Cool water
Or a fair maid's gentle touch
When speaking to us
Of love.
May your words uplift the soul
As the wind lifts the eagle
High above the clouds.
Spin your spell
With threads of silver and gold,
Hung with precious stones
As a spider's web in early morn
Is hung with dew.
Sing us a song,
O, Minstrel!

Lynn Mazzei

Wedding Gown

Wedding gown
 yellowed
 stained
darkness is your home.

You were a shiny
 day
 in
 my
 life.

You made me beautiful
in my youth.

Now your
 wrinkles
 match
 mine.

Nancy Bailer

Our emotions are numb
from the grouping of masses
we lose our uniqueness
which drift far like gases
 then swirl into nothing,
 not leaving a trace.
So dare to be different
and set your own pace.

Tom Richardson

Man is just a missing link
fondly thinking he can think

Tom Richardson

My Lord

Oh god, How I dread spending
 this evening alone,
Sometimes my only wish is to just
 lay down and join you upon your throne.
But then I have many commitments
 too important to leave,
And I am sure you have many problems
 more important than me.

How nice it would be to sit down with
 you and have a talk,
Or even go up into the mountains
 and take a walk.

I know I sometimes disappoint you,
But I am young, and do not see things
 from your point of view.

However, when I grow older and more mature,
Perhaps I shall hear your words and know for sure.
But until that day please guide me
 through this life with a careful hand,
And I will promise to abide by your
 laws upon this land.

Mel Rawls

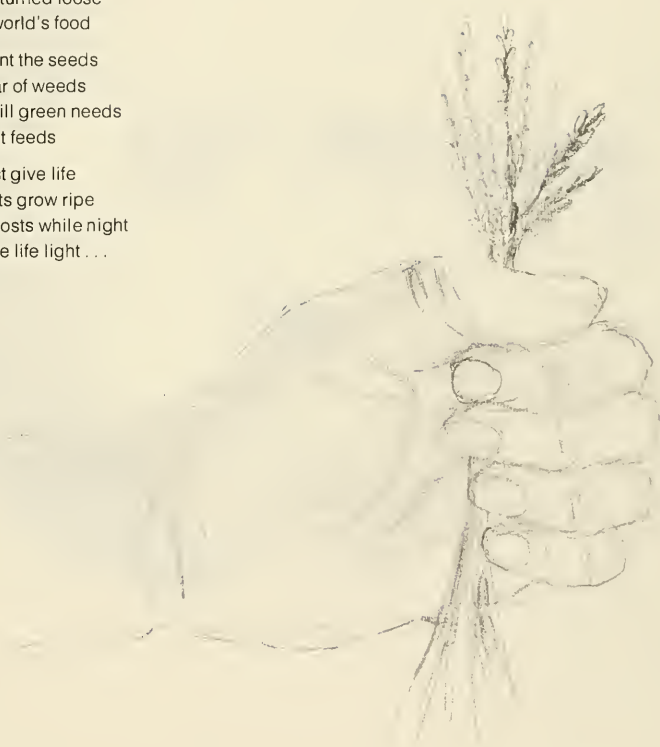
Within my Hands

Within my hands I beg to choose
The chance to bare the fleshy fruits
To feel the land when it's turned loose
To harvest grain for one world's food

My hands are such to plant the seeds
My back is tough from war of weeds
The sun shines bright to fill green needs
The rain brings life to all it feeds

And from my hands I must give life
To see the land when fruits grow ripe
With painted trees from frosts while night
For in the leaves burns the life light . . .

G. S.



Jim McDermott

Merely A Man

I am merely a man
or so it seems
With only hopes
and day long dreams

If it wasn't so hard
to say I was
I would have been
but only because

Because I cannot see
the world as such
They ask for me
and take too much

Too much of my young heart
all full of holes
Leaves me my mind
to fill my goals

Then what is to be left
a heartless man
Able to walk
never to stand . . .

G. S.



